



messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

Volume 8 ~ Number 1

May 15, 1990





messing about in BOATS

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PUBLISHER & EDITOR: BOB HICKS

OUR GUARANTEE: IF AT ANY
TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE
GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH,
JUST LET US KNOW, WE'LL RE-
FUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED POR-
TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
PAYMENT.

Our Next Issue...

Will look at several interest-
ing boats and bring more tales of
adventure afloat. Three rather in-
novative designs are featured: Jim
Heter's "Pak Yak" personal kayak
which folds into a backpack and al-
so into a one-man tent; the Wing
System rowing shell/double kayak
design; and the new Yamaha "Wat-
erspyder" cruising sailboard will
be described by Dick Fryklund. For
kit builders there'll be info on Jim
Wermescher's "Whisp" kit. On the
water we'll have our coverage of
the whitewater racing at Thoreau's
Portage on the Concord River in
greater downtown Lowell, MA; Chip
Chandler will tell us of adventures
paddling coastal Newfoundland; and
the 1880 Sneakbox trip tale started
in this issue will conclude. Finally
we'll look into the Massachusetts
program, "Adopt a Stream" for riv-
er preservation.

On the Cover...

Sea trials are an important as-
pect of designing and building a
boat, and Jim Thayer has a long
tale in this issue on his efforts at
carrying these out on his new "A
(Awesome) Duckah" down on the
Sea of Cortez in Baja California,
Mexico, just down the road for Jim
from his winter boatbuilding base
in western Colorado.

Commentary

BOB
HICKS

Here we are starting another
year of publishing, our 8th. Since
May 15, 1983, 168 issues of
"Messing About in Boats" have gone
into the mail. The year just com-
pleted has been another of modest
growth in circulation, but of major
growth in reader input. More and
more we are hearing from those of
you with stories of what you are
doing, have done, or plan to do.
The variety is fascinating and the
wide range of viewpoints and man-
ners of expression add much to the
interest of this magazine. I don't
homogenize it all so it fits some
standard sort of writing "style", or
all sound like I wrote it.

On the circulation side, the
matter of keeping this effort afloat
financially requires me to continue
to try to build up readership, not
so I can cash in so much, but
rather so I can keep the printer
and post office paid up. About
two-thirds of the cash flow goes to
these two claimants for their ser-
vices rendered, so even though I
do work for myself, in a way I
work for them too. Being not only
editor but also business manager
means I must take time away from
the fun part of this business to
care for its financial needs. Your
continued support is vital as about
75% of the money needed to keep us
in business is from subscriptions,
"Boats" is not financially based on
advertising as are serious maga-
zines. You can help by renewing
when you get the notice tucked in-
to your copy, and by urging
friends who you think will enjoy
"Boats" to subscribe. A number of
you have done this, and even
bought gift subscriptions for such
friends. Your help is really appre-
ciated.

"Boats" is increasingly gain-
ing a "forum" sort of character, as
more and more of the articles and
letters published introduce differ-
ent concepts and viewpoints involv-
ing messing about in boats. I want
to encourage this as it isn't avail-
able to us in the major boating
press, other than through a few
letters on limited pages devoted to
such reader comments. Our being
able to present reader input in the
form of feature articles adds so
much, I think, to the spreading of
the word about the charms of mess-
ing about in boats, that I enthusi-
astically encourage it. Readers get
"true life" stories from the doers
and dreamers, and not the work of
professional writers on subjects
chosen by editorial staffs.

To function most usefully in
this "forum" manner, "Boats" needs
to reach as broad a range of boat-
ing folk as possible. My approach
to building circulation has been to

send sample copies to lists of vari-
ous natures, mostly people who be-
long to various small boat interest
groups. I hope to attract some of
them as subscribers, not only for
the added financial base they pro-
vide us, but also to open their
minds to the array of ways that ex-
ist for enjoying boats.

It's not easy to gain such
readers, even from highly focussed
lists. A mailing to a list of 250
people who have expressed interest
in "instant" type boats by ordering
plans or catalogs of such, would
result, you might think in my
gaining a large number of new sub-
scribers. "Boats" carries more ar-
ticles on such boats than any publi-
cation, as so much of what our
readers do is in the line of simple
and inexpensive boatbuilding and
enjoyment. But, there seems to be
some inbuilt inertia in these poten-
tial new readers. I haven't figured
out how to get their attention.
This sort of mailing does gain new
subscribers, but not what I always
hope for. Hope does spring eternal,
fortunately, or I'd have long ago
been discouraged with the apathy I
meet in such promotional efforts.

I've tried being at the boat
shows that cater to our sort of
boating, the early Small Boat
Shows, the former Wooden Boat
Shows, and the recent Maine Boat-
builders Show. At these, I give
away hundreds of sample copies to
people who express an interest. I
don't try to sell them, I want
someone to see what we are before
they have to buy. From hundreds
of samples I get dozens of sub-
scribers. Such are the statistics.

Well, I don't let that business
aspect get in the way of the good
stuff, the production every couple
of weeks of another issue full of
interesting articles. Whether it's
including a story a reader submit-
ted or going out to do a story my-
self on a subject that's come to my
attention, this is the best part of
this work. I get to read about or
hear from or meet in person some
very interesting and likeable peo-
ple, and often try out their handi-
work. And I now receive newslet-
ters from dozens of special interest
clubs and organizations which
further inform me of what is going
on out there, from raising \$10 mil-
lion for a tall ship to loaning ra-
dio-controlled model boats to a hos-
pital for physically disabled kids.
It's very inspirational and rejuven-
ating.

So it's onward into year #8, 24
more issues. I hope you'll all trav-
el along with me another year, and
maybe get some of your friends to
join us on the trip.

pathfinders of
the Pacific . . .

THE NAVIGATORS

Review by Bob Hicks



Last year we reviewed a videotape of Robert Perkins' solo canoe trip down an uninhabited arctic river in the Canadian northwest, because we knew Robert and something about his trip. And we felt it would be of interest to some readers. The video was produced by the New Film Company of Arlington, Massachusetts. Now we have had the chance to review another video they thought might interest you, "The Navigators", a one-hour look at the South Pacific islanders long tradition of sailing huge distances over that ocean in their proas guided by navigational skills handed down from generation to generation.

If the subject of navigation, or the south seas proa, or a combination of the two is of interest to you, you will enjoy this video. It's in the genre of the "National Geographic" films often seen on public TV, with heavy emphasis on the native culture. In this case, it tells how a contemporary islander, one Mau Piaulug from the atoll of Satawal, is striving to carry on teaching the navigational skills that enabled ancestors back over a thousand years to sail across vast distances and colonize widely scattered islands.

There is some good footage of the building of one of the big proas used pretty much unchanged in form for over one thousand years, all from locally available materials right there on their tiny atoll. There is also some good footage of the sailing of the proa that

Piaulug navigated from Hawaii to Satawal, about 3,000 miles, without benefit of any modern navigational aids whatsoever. This proa was built using modern materials and technology, but to the traditional design. Piaulug's navigation was the real thing, though, and he made landfall right where he intended to within a day of his predicted arrival.

I happen to be a believer in the human being's intuitive capabilities, to be able to just "know" what or where or why things are the way they are at any given moment in one's activities. We don't have this native skill available to us because we're the generations on the cutting edge of the triumph of technology and science and lean heavily on all sorts of artificial aids in our lives. But Mau Piaulug, by choice remaining on his isolated south Pacific island, and by his father's choice learning since childhood the skills and guidance available to him from the world around him, has access to these intuitive abilities.

One shot in the film shows Mau on the trip from Hawaii talking with an American navigator trained in all the modern ways. This guy cannot believe that Mau is really navigating, and not just letting the wind and currents take them where they will. But, Mau sits there with a relaxed smile and assures the intense modern day navigator that all is well and they will indeed arrive where they plan to and when they plan to.

Much of the footage concerns the people on their island, all sorts of the usual traditional ceremonial stuff. I'd rather have seen more of the sailing and boatbuilding, but, it's not a video aimed just at boat nuts, so we have to be happy with what we do get. It is, overall, a fascinating evocation of how men once could deal with their environment by naturally developed skills. Like the eskimos, the south sea islanders are losing these skills. Mau's own sons want out, away from what they perceive as the stifling parochialism of their tiny island world. They've been to the big world and want some of that instead.

"The Navigators" is normally a \$49.95 video, but until June 30th, New Film is offering it for \$39.95, VHS or Beta, plus \$3 shipping. New Film Company, Inc., 7 Mystic St. Suite 211, Arlington, MA 02174, (617) 641-2580 for Visa or MasterCard.

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THE LANDING SCHOOL

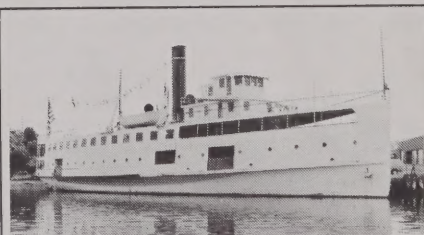
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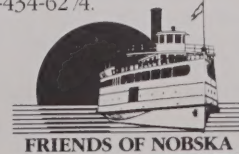
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IF YOU'RE GONNA ROLL...

Recently I did an article on kayak safety for "ANorAK" at their request. Apparently my remarks on the eskimo roll upset some folks who teach it in clinics. My strongest pitch in kayak safety is for people to recognize and stay within their limitations. I can roll and have taught the roll, but I'm not as good at it as I think I should be to guarantee my safety, so my own personal rule regarding swimming ability stands firm.

I sense that many kayakers do not practice their rolls in the worst stuff they'll paddle in, and could not swim ashore if their attempts at rolling up failed them. I feel that to have a really GOOD eskimo roll I should demonstrate an ability to roll up in the worst wave conditions and coldest waters I'm likely to ever paddle in, and practice this at least once a month.

I feel I should be able to roll up without my paddle, for the conditions that capsize me might be bad enough to yank the paddle from my hands. I don't know as I could do this in a disoriented state that might result from such serious difficulties.

I should be able to continue to roll up in these worst conditions and not go over on the third or fourth time needing a breath of air, and maybe then also losing my paddle. It doesn't always seem to be emphasized in pool sessions that conditions which cause you to capsize will be right there when you roll up that first time. You went over because the conditions were beyond your ability to handle them, so now what?

I'm not against knowing how to roll, but it's false security to learn it in a pool or in flat water and find out later it's no good for you in the real world out there beyond your abilities.

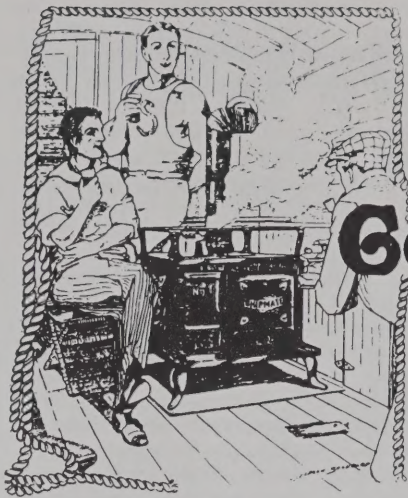
Well, I'm going to be doing a lot more roll practicing under tough and cold water conditions now before I undertake my 1,500 mile expedition next year. More on that later.

Dick Wheeler, Charlestown, MA.

HELP ON A GLANDER "CAY"?

Three years ago I purchased a bare hull in Florida and I wonder if any readers might be able to help me out with some information. The hull was the last 23' Glander "Cay" that Doolie Glander built. Unfortunately he died six months before I bought it and now there is no one who can give me any information on how to finish it out. I'm struggling! If anyone knows about the "Cay" and can offer me some guidance, please contact me. Thank you.

Jim Tomkins, 2783 W. River Rd., Grand Island, NY 14072.



Your Commentary

ASSESSING WAVE SIZE

The article "Assessing Wave Size" in the March 1, 1990, issue shows pictures from, and briefly describes the book, "Wind, Waves & Sea, Breakers & Surf". As a maritime student some years ago I studied this book. It is a very theoretical study of the subject, hard going for the casual small boater.

If such a boater wants to find basic information about waves, wind and the surf, there are simpler, more available publications. They may be found in nautical book stores and libraries near the shores. One is "Bowditch", the "American Practical Navigator" Pub. No. 9, Volume I. Chapters XXXIII and XXXIV, plus appendices V and W (in my 1977 edition) give this information. If this whets the reader's appetite for more, he could then move on to study the theory.

Appendix W, "Sea State" is reprinted from the Canadian book "State of the Sea Photographs for the Beaufort Wind Scale", Meteorological Branch, Department of Transport. I do not have a copy to send you as did Bob Whittier with his book. It is available in some nautical book stores and I assume from government book stores in Canada. I think the pictures are much clearer in this book than in the reproduction in Bowditch.

This information is very useful to seamen and boaters in that one can obtain some idea of the wind force from the state of the sea. As important, conversely he can obtain an idea of the state of the sea if he has a report on the wind speed in an area. The Canadian Meteorological Staff members who took the photographs did an excellent job. It is true that these pictures only go to Storm winds, Beaufort Scale 10. I hope all small boaters are in safe haven long before it pipes up that strong.

C.S. Wetherell, Vancouver., WA.

ANYONE FOR ELECTRIC POWER?

Two years ago I bought a Dirigo Dipper, a 10-1/2' decked canoe which looks like a short kayak. It has taken me on short voyages on the Charles River between Waban and Waltham, and on the Sudbury River in Lincoln at Fairhaven Bay. After I had the boat for a short while, I fitted a removeable motor mount and mounted a small 1/2hp Gamefisher electric outboard. This addition did not destroy the purity of line and structure of the boat, but it most certainly affected the purity of the propulsion mode. Nevertheless, this motor has added significant pleasure and scope to my boating, and I intend to improve this noiseless, pollution-free technique by the addition of an electronic pulse width modulated speed control which is reputed to be capable of extending battery life by a factor of four or five.

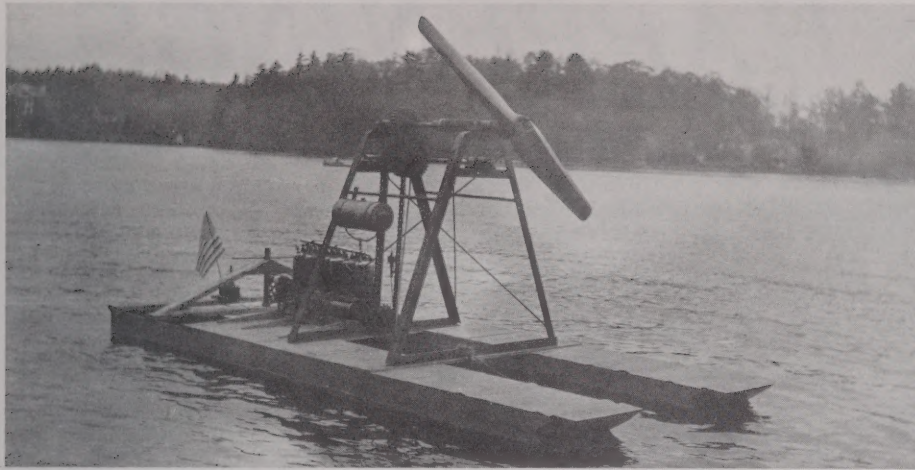
I want to find out if there are any other devotees of electric power for small craft amongst your readers, and if any sort of organization exists for the exchange of ideas and information about such things as speed controls, battery selection, mounting methods, charging apparatus, etc. I would like to hear from anyone so interested.

Joseph Ress, Newton, MA, (508) 927-9419 workdays, (617) 332-1482 eves. before 9.

30% OVER EXPECTATIONS AT CRAWFORD BOATBUILDING

This past winter we've been steadily moving along on new boat construction, but there's been no repair work at all, surprisingly enough. Just as well, as we had hoped to build ten of our "Melonseed" sailing skiffs this past year, the first for our newest boat, and ended up with orders for 13, a 30% overrun of expectations!

Roger Crawford, Crawford Boatbuilding, P.O. Box 430, Huma-rock, MA 02047, (617) 837-3666.



AN EARLY AIRBOAT

These photos of an early era airboat are from a set I have acquired that appear to be from somewhere in New Hampshire. I know

nothing else about them but hope that perhaps a reader might have some information as to what it is.

Howard Pierpont, Box 128, S. Berlin, MA 01549

MORE ON "A CRUISE IN A PILOT BOAT"

I thought your readers might find some of the following details from our files about the pilot boat "Caprice" featured in your recent serialization, "A Cruise in a Pilot Boat" of interest:

"Caprice" was built in East Boston, Massachusetts in 1871.

"Caprice" entered the Sandy Hook pilot service in July, 1873.

"Caprice" was 89' in length with a beam of 23'.

"Caprice" was run down by the steamer "New Orleans" in the Narrows on February 27, 1876, but was refloated and returned to service.

"Caprice" was dismasted and abandoned on February 1, 1878, but was towed back to New York by the New Jersey pilot schooner "Thomas S. Negus" and was repaired again to service. In 1890 she was wrecked again in the Lower Bay during a snowstorm and did not return to service.

In addition to William L. Wright, who joined "Caprice" on July 15, 1879, John Mahoney, Philip H. Winters, Patrick Walsh, Henry Seguire and John Agren served as boatkeepers on "Caprice" at various times. Senior Sandy Hook pilot apprentices are still called boatkeepers and serve as masters and mates in the pilot vessels cruising on station in the vicinity of the Ambrose Light tower.

From the time the New York Sandy Hook pilots came under the jurisdiction of this Board in 1853 until the steam pilot vessel "New York #1" entered the service in 1897, thirty-one New York Sandy Hook pilots met their deaths while in the schooners or attempting to board or leave ships.

Robert H. Martin, Secretary, Board of Commissioners of Pilots, New York, NY.

CHAPELLE'S REPUTATION

In response to Stuart Cattell's query about the reliability of Chapelle's "The Bark Canoes & Skin Boats of North America", I would suggest that the revisionist paper by Dunne and Sitka would be of little relevance, since it deals with larger ships. Perhaps the best authority on this subject is Peter Spectre of "Wooden Boat", who has done research critical of Chapelle and who is a canoe enthusiast.

Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT.

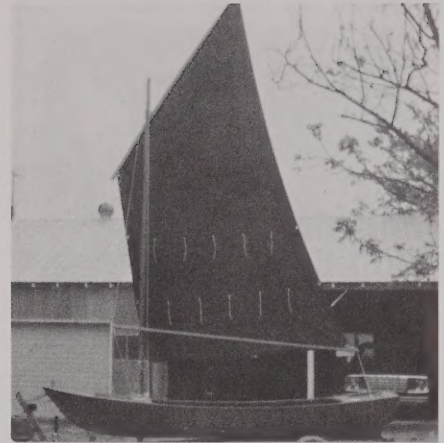
AND MORE ON CHAPELLE

The letter from Stuart Cattell in a recent issue about the criticism of Chapelle's work in a recent Mystic Seaport Symposium reminded me that Peter Spectre of "Wooden Boat" described a paper critical of Chapelle that was published in "The American Neptune", journal of the Peabody Museum of Salem, Massachusetts.

I was intrigued enough to purchase a copy of the Winter 1989 issue of "The American Neptune" (Vol. XLIX, No. 1), which contains the paper, "An Inquiry Into H.I. Chapelle's Research in Naval History" on pages 39 to 58. I'm not a naval historian so I cannot offer you an informed review. In his conclusion, Mr. Dunne quotes Eric Ronneberg and Peter Spectre with their respect for Chapelle's work. Mr. Dunne also states, "The amazing volume of Howard I. Chapelle's work has always been appreciated and deservedly so. Nonetheless, the time for revision and addition is long overdue."

Mr. Cattell can obtain a copy of this issue of "The American Neptune" from the Peabody Museum, East India Sq. Salem, MA 01970.

David Asquith, Wakefield, RI



SOMETHING ADDICTIVE ABOUT "BOATS"

As you see I am again renewing. There is something about "Boats" that is addictive.

I especially enjoyed the following recent articles: "Emily's First Sail"; "Our 20' Camp Cruiser"; "A Season of Birdwatching"; "Stowaway"; "About Sharpies"; "The Best Bilge Pump"; "Bodid II"; "Sleeper on the Petaluma"; "How Great It Is". The last 8-10 issues have been the best in the past two years.

Here is a photo of my STILL unfinished beach cruiser (16'1"x5'), MUCH modified from Bolger's "Felucia".

David Gulley, Houston, TX.

BLANK STARES & MORON STATUS

In my area "boat" means a 150hp metalflake finish rocket trailered behind a new 4WD Wagon-er. Very few sails are seen. Mention of building a wooden boat brings blank stares and the status of a moron.

However, I like 'em!

H.F. Wheeler, Sebring, FL.

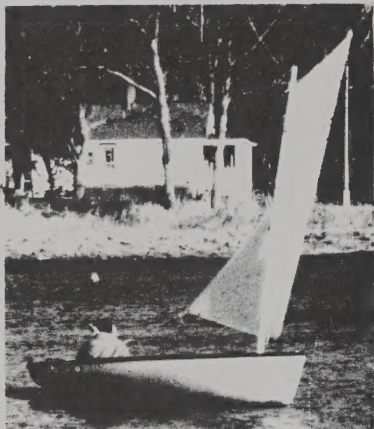
SOLUTION: SHIP SHAPE

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HAPPENINGS



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SMALL BOATBUILDER SHOWS

Special shows for builders of small boats are proliferating this year, all offering the small builder low or no cost opportunities to display his work to an interested public. The shows we have information on as of the April 20 compilation of this calendar are as follows:

June 16-17. Small Boat Builders' Get Together, Great Hudson River Revival, Valhalla, NY. (914) 454-7951.

June 23-24. Albany Wooden Boat Festival, Albany, NY. (518) 434-4414.

July 7-8. 2nd Annual Champlain Valley Small Craft Exhibition, Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, Basin Harbor, VT. (802) 475-2317.

July 22. 2nd Annual Strawberry Banke Boat Builders' Day, Strawberry Banke Museum, Portsmouth, NH. (603) 433-1100.

Amateur and professional boat builders interested in exhibiting their work at any of these shows should call the listed numbers for registration information. Amateur builders are welcome to show boats regardless of whether or not they are offering them for sale. We all just want to see your boats!

ALBANY WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL EXHIBITORS

As of April 20, the following boat builders have signed up to exhibit their boats at the Albany, NY, Wooden Boat Festival (in order of registration) June 23-24:

North River Boatworks. South Cove Boat Shop. Messing About in Boats.... Landing School. O'Connell's Wooden Boat Shop. John Curry. Monfort Associates. Indian Point Guideboat. Springfield Fan Centerboard Co. Pisces Paddles. Woodstrip Watercraft. Mobile Marine. Bob Monetti. Bristol Bronze. Oat Canoe Co. Paddle Craft. McGrievy's Canoe Shop. Paul G. Stewart Works. Fuat Latif. Dan Leonard. Pert Lowell Co. Loon Kayaks. Englehart Products. Richard Barter. Fred Levinson. Shaw & Tenney. Hill Family Boat Building. Thomson Smallboats. Rick Fish. Adirondack Guideboat. Garwood Co. South Street Seaport Museum Boat Shop. Alder Creek Boat Works. Old Wharf Dory Co. Geoff Burke.

SUTTONS BAY SMALL BOAT MEET

The Maritime Heritage Alliance of Sutton's Bay, MI, will hold its annual boat show this year on June 23. It's a small show but fun. Jack Seaman, 160 E. State St., Traverse City, MI 49684.

GALVESTON WOODEN BOAT FAIR

The Galveston Historical Foundation and Houston area wooden boat enthusiasts have joined together to promote the area's first wooden boat fair, "Skiffs, Sculls and Other Hulls, Galveston Island's Wooden Boat Fair. Date is June 16 at the "Elissa" pier in Galveston, TX.. (409) 765-7834.

GREAT PECONIC WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL

Full Sea, Inc. of Greenport, NY, will host its 2nd Annual Great Peconic Wooden Boat Festival on June 22-24 at the Shelter Island Yacht Club at the outer tip of Long Island. Sailing races, barbecue party, and a parade of yachts are featured events. (516) 734-7409.

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT

Jim Michalak of Lebanon, IL, has arrangements all set for his Small Boat Messabout, to take place on June 23 at the Gun Creek Recreation Area on Rend Lake in southern Illinois. Builders and owners of home built small craft are invited to bring their boats and join in the day's fun. No fees are involved. (618) 537-2167.

LANDING LAUNCHINGS

The Landing School of Kennebunkport, ME, will hold the biggest launching party of the year on June 30th in Wells harbor, ME, when five boats built by students at the school will hit the water; a 30' Malabar Jr. yawl, a 21' Nelson Zimmer launch, an 18' Robert Steward launch, and two 18' Pete Culler Buzzard's Bay sloops. The public is welcome to attend. (207) 985-7976.

LONG ISLAND VINTAGE BOAT SHOW

The 9th Annual Vintage Boat Show sponsored by the Long Island Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society is scheduled for June 30 at the Suffolk Marine Museum in West Sayville, Long Island, NY, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. for public viewing. (516) 549-3124.

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME FEST

On June 2, a festival of maritime related nature will take place on the grounds of the Salem (MA) Maritime National Historic Site (Derby Wharf) on the waterfront in Salem, MA. Portions of the event will take place at the nearby Peabody Museum and the Essex Institute. Small boats, maritime crafts and maritime musicians will participate. Sponsor is the Folklorists of New England, and there is no charge for attending any of the activities. (508) 741-6225.

NEW YORK WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL

South Street Seaport and "Wooden Boat" magazine are co-sponsoring the New York Wooden Boat Festival on June 26-28, free to the public and to exhibitors of traditional wooden boats. (212) 669-9430.

SEE THE "J" BOATS

The two restored "J" boats raced last summer in Newport will be raced and on dockside display this summer at four locations. May 23-27 at Annapolis; June 13-17 at New York; June 27 - July 1 at Boston; August 22-26 at Newport. "J" Class Events, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840.

NEW HAVEN SHARPIE DAY

Short notice, but the Sound School and the First Constitution Bank, both of New Haven, CT, are having a gathering of traditional New Haven sharpies on May 19th off the school campus in the northwest corner of New Haven harbor. (203) 772-7262 or (203) 787-6937.

GARDNER WEEKEND AT MYSTIC

The 21st Annual Small Craft Workshop is on June 2-3 at Mystic Seaport Museum, and will honor John Gardner for all his contributions to the traditional small craft revival, with special emphasis on the dory designs he has been responsible for preserving. Weekend fee is \$30, Pre-registration required. (203) 572-0711 ext. 328.

7TH ANNUAL MOSHULU CUP RACE

The 7th Annual Moshulu Cup Race on the Delaware River at Philadelphia is scheduled for June 2, and caters to a variety of sailing craft. The "Moshulu", due to a fire, may not be on hand, but the race goes on regardless. (609) 966-1352 or (215) 351-4008.

7TH ANNUAL NORTH AMERICAN SMALL BOAT SHOW

What's happening to the Small Boat Show? This year it has a theme, "Hot Fun for the Summer-time". It'll have over 250 boats on display, "all easily affordable." At the demonstration docks you can "test drive" dozens of small boats, including "peddle" boats. And there'll be a "Restaurant Relay Race". It's all happening May 18-20 at the Newport Yachting Center in Newport, RI. (401) 847-5252.

GLOUCESTER ROWING RACES

During June several rowing races for fishing dories and seine boats will take place in Gloucester, MA. On June 2 the eliminations for the International Dory Race (against Nova Scotia) will be at Niles Beach. The International Races are on June 16 at Head of the Harbor. And on June 30 and July 1 seine boat races take place at Pavillion Beach. (508) 546-9022.

FAR NORTH ROWING REGATTA

The Moosehead Lake Recreation Committee will hold its 2nd Annual Moosehead Rowing Regatta in Greenville Junction, ME, on June 16. All types of rowing boats will be welcome. (207) 695-2680.

ROW FOR LIFE REGATTA

The Row For Life Regatta, a fund raising rowing race on Boston's Charles River, is scheduled for June 24. Beneficiary is the Leukemia Society of America. A minimum entry pledge of \$50 is required for any participant. Boats entered are limited to racing shells of all classes and sizes. (617) 524-9896.

CAPE COD VIKING ROWING

The Cape Cod Vikings Ocean Dory Rowing Club has several outings scheduled for June. June 2nd they'll be doing Barnstable harbor; June 16th Plymouth; and June 30th Monument Beach. These outings are open to any interested rower of oar-on-gunwale craft. (508) 420-5487 or (508) 759-9786.

RICA CANOE TRIPS

The Rhode Island Canoe Association schedules flat water canoe trips open to anyone interested. Short notice for it, but the next one scheduled is on May 19 on the Blackstone River, starting in Uxbridge, MA. (401) 724-4236.

AND RICA SEA KAYAKING

The Rhode Island Canoe Association also schedules sea kayak outings open to anyone interested. Next up is on June 24 in the Aquidneck Island area of Narragansett Bay. Basic safety equipment and kayaks with flotation are required. (401) 849-4760.

L.L. BEAN PADDLING SCHOOLS

Several paddling technique workshops for canoeists and kayakers are scheduled by the L.L. Bean Paddling School in June on the Royal River in Yarmouth, ME. All equipment is supplied. (800) 341-4341 ext. 7800.

June 16, 23, 30. Coastal Kayak Paddling Clinic.

June 17, 24. Solo Canoe Clinic, Classic Paddling Strokes.

June 17, 24. Tandem Canoe Clinic, Classic Paddling Strokes.

AND NORTH AMERICAN CANOE SYMPOSIUM

L.L. Bean has scheduled its 5th Annual North American Canoe Symposium for June 8-10 at Camp Winona on Moose Pond in Bridgeton, ME. A full weekend of canoeing know-how will be offered by leading exponents of the sport. Pre-registration required. (800) 341-4341 ext. 7800.

16TH ANNUAL GREAT SMITH RIVER CANOE RACE

Short notice, but on May 19th the Wolfeboro (NH) Lions Club will sponsor this four-mile race catering to all levels of canoeist ability. It's organized so that "paddlers have a good time". (603) 569-2254 weekdays, (603) 569-1632 eves and weekends.

BAER'S DEMO/TRYOUT DAY

Baer's River Workshop of Exeter, RI, will host a demo/tryout day on June 16 at the Wyoming Fishing Access at Wyoming Dam on the Wood River in Rhode Island. Wenonah and Dagger canoes and Nautiraid and Scupper sea kayaks will be available for tryout, along with others. Kayak trips and lessons will also be offered every weekend through October. (401) 295-0855.

MITA BOSTON AREA MEETING

The annual regional meeting for people in eastern Massachusetts interested in the Maine Island Trail Association will take place May 17, 7 p.m., at REI Sports in Reading, MA. MITA Director Dave Getchell, Jr. will be on hand to present MITA's ambitious 1990 plans. (617) 944-5103.

BEGINNERS ON THE MAINE ISLAND TRAIL

Adventures in Learning, an outdoor outfitter located in Merrimac, MA, has scheduled a downeast canoe/kayak weekend June 23-24 in the Nubble Bay area on the Maine coast, paddling a short section of the Maine Island Trail. This is a good chance for a beginner to try out coastal paddling. Cost is \$135. Also scheduled are evening and day trips around the Newburyport, MA, area and on the Massachusetts north shore throughout the summer. Detailed brochure from Adventures in Learning, 67 Bear Hill Rd., Merrimac, MA 01860.

EXPLORERS AT SEA

Explorers at Sea of Stonington, ME, again will offer a full summer of sea kayak outings on the Maine coast, day trips, weekends and longer. Special trips for family groups with children, for women only, and a nine day "stewardship expedition" are planned. For a detailed brochure, (207) 367-2356.

MYSTIC SEA KAYAK SYMPOSIUM

The Mystic Community Center of Mystic, CT, holds its 3rd Annual Sea Kayaking Symposium June 2-3 at their facility on the Mystic River, with both indoor and on-the-water programs for all levels of skill, plus kayak tryouts. (203) 536-3575.

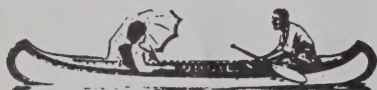
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IPSWICH RIVER PADDLING

Several canoeing trips on the Ipswich River on the Massachusetts north shore are scheduled in June.

June 9 & 16. Ipswich River Wildlife Sanctuary Trip, Massachusetts Audubon Society. (508) 887-9264.

June 10. Appalachian Mountain Club Trip. (508) 664-5984.

June 24. Ipswich River Watershed Association & Appalachian Mountain Club Trip. (508) 468-3733.

CANOE POLING COMPETITION

June is a busy time for canoe poling enthusiasts with three events listed as follows:

June 2. Central Connecticut Slalom, Farmington River, Burlington, CT. (203) 442-1170.

June 16. New England Division Championships, location to be announced. (203) 442-1170.

June 30 - July 1. National Championships, Potomac River, Harper's Ferry, VA. (201) 769-5345.

A schedule of training clinics is available from Harry Rock, 111 Oneida Ave., N. Plainfield, NJ 07060, (201) 769-53545 eves.

CANOE SAILING COURSE

The Sebago Canoe Club of Brooklyn, NY, will hold a canoe sailing course at its clubhouse on Paerdegat Basin in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn on three successive weekends starting June 2, plus two weekday evenings. Tuition is free but equipment use and instruction materials and insurance fee is \$80. (718) 331-8577.

CCRA JUNE CALENDAR

The Connecticut Canoe Association has the following events scheduled for June:

June 2. King Philip Cup, 14 miles flatwater on the Farmington River, Farmington, CT. (203) 693-8813.

June 6. The Great Bread Race, 5 miles flatwater on the Connecticut River, Easthampton, MA. (413) 527-6843.

June 16. Shetucket River Cruise, 14 miles flatwater on the Natchaug and Shetucket Rivers, Willimantic, CT. (203) 456-0558.

June 17. Shetucket River Race, 14 miles flatwater on the Natchaug and Shetucket Rivers. (203) 456-0558.

June 24. Great Pachaug Race, 7.5 miles flatwater on Pachaug Pond and River, Pachaug, CT. (203) 649-0485.

BIRCHBARK CANOE BUILDING

David Gidmark will conduct a two-week course in birchbark canoe building June 30-July 15 on Lake Superior in Wisconsin. Cost is \$750 U.S. David Gidmark, Box 26, Maniwaki, Quebec, Canada J9E 3B3.

NISSEQUOGUE RIVER CANOE CLUB CALENDAR

The Nissequogue Canoe Club of Kings Park, NY, on Long Island has the following events scheduled for June:

June 3. Upper Yaphank Lake cleanup. (516) 325-0111.

June 9. Delaware River, Class 1. (516) 679-1362 eves.

June 24. Nissequogue River. (516) 577-0221.

MCKC ACTIVITIES

June activities sponsored by the Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club of Brooklyn, NY, are open to any interested paddler. (212) 228-7793.

June 2. South Jersey Canoe and Kayak Classic.

June 3. Hudson River at Dobbs Ferry.

June 9-10. Norwalk Islands Camping Trip.

June 16. Sandy Hook to Brooklyn Bridge.

June 19. Monthly Get-Together.

OLD TOWN CANOE NEWSLETTER

Old Town Canoe Co. is undertaking publication of a newsletter for owners of their canoes, and invites anyone interested to contact them, including the model and serial number of any Old Town Canoes owned. Old Town Canoe Co., Newsletter Dept., 58 Middle St., Old Town, ME 04468.

SACO RIVER JOB OPPORTUNITIES

The Saco River Recreational Council has summer openings for a Chief River Runner, two River Runners and a Maine Conservation Camp Supervisor. (603) 447-3801.

RC MODEL YACHTING

Radio controlled model boat racing and operating will be held during June at the following locations:

June 3. EC-12 Northern Division Championships, Roger Williams Park, Providence, RI. (401) 847-6310.

June 3. 50/800 Roy Clough Cup, Redd's Pond, Marblehead, MA. ((617) 631-0797.

June 10. Model Boat Festival, Jamaica Pond, Boston, MA. (617) 522-2848.

June 10. EC-12 Club Handicap Race, Roger Williams Park, Providence, RI. (401) 847-6310.

June 24. Operating Scale Regatta, Rocky Woods, Medfield, MA. ((617) 455-7521.

June 24. Open Regatta, Loon Pond, Springfield, MA. (413) 543-6990.

CHILDREN'S DAY MODEL BOATING

On June 10, Children's Day will be celebrated on Boston's Jamaica Pond with a model boat show organized for kids age 10 and up by the Jamaica Pond Model Club. (617) 522-2848.

TBHA EVENTS

The Boston Harbor Associates, a non-profit organization concerned with protecting and preserving Boston harbor has two cruises on board harbor cruise boats scheduled in June. On June 1 it's the Neponset River and on June 19, the first "Cruise & News", Forts & Lights, The Harbor as Protector. If you have personal interest in the future of Boston harbor, you should investigate what the BHA is doing. BHA, 51 Sleeper St. Boston, MA 02210, (617) 330-1134.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM CALENDAR

The following events are scheduled at Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St. Bath, ME, through June. (207) 443-1316.

May 25. O'Brien Family Ship-builders exhibit opens.

June 2. Lobsterboat launching at high tide.

June 2-3. Historic sea music festival.

June 16. U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary courtesy vessel inspection.

June 16-17. Schooner "Roseway" visits.

June 25-28. Cruises to Windjammer Days in nearby Boothbay Harbor.

RHODE ISLAND RIGHTS OF WAY

A detailed 17 page town-by-town listing of all public rights of way to the ocean in Rhode Island is available from the Coastal Resources Management Council, Oliver Stedman Government Center, Tower Hill Rd., Wakefield, RI 02879. The Rhode Island DEM has renewed a commitment to mark these sites despite opposition from adjacent property owners who view public access as a nuisance. For further information on the R.O.W. program, call Bob Ballou at (401) 277-2476. Thanks to reader Dave Asquith for this information.

NOVA SCOTIA KAYAKING

Paddling the Nova Scotia coast can be enjoyed on tours led by Scott Cunningham of Coastal Adventures, P.O. Box 77, Tangier, NS, Canada B0J 3H0. Scott is presently putting together a guidebook for paddling in Nova Scotia.

NEW YORK WATERFRONTS

If you have interest in New York state's waterfronts (ocean and inland), including the subject of small boat access, you will want to see the new newspaper "Water Ways", published six times a year, subscription is \$22.50. They'll send you a sample copy of their first issue if you like. "Water Ways", North River Communications, P.O. Box 11, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520.

WOODEN BOAT SCHOOL'S IN SESSION

June begins the summer-long Wooden Boat School program in Brooklin, ME. Courses scheduled for June follow. Interested readers should obtain a copy of the detailed brochure from Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, as many courses fill up early.

June 10-16. Lofting with Greg Rossel. Wooden Boat Repair Methods with Skip Green. Building Half-Models with Eric Dow. Marine Surveying with Giffy Full.

June 17-23. Loft & Build a Canoe Mold with Rollin Thurlow. Building Your Own DK-14 Kayak with Rich Hilsinger. Coastwise Navigation with John Blatchford.

June 17-30. Fundamentals of Boatbuilding with Greg Rossel.

June 24-30. Building the Maine Guide Canoe with Jerry Stelmok. Joinerwork with Tim Allen. Elements of Seamanship with John Blatchford. Craft of Sail on "Eastward" with Roger & Mary Duncan.

SHIPYARD MUSEUM PROGRAMS

The Shipyard Museum in Clayton, NY, has weekly boatbuilding related workshops scheduled for June. On June 9 it's plane making; June 16 woodbending; June 23 finishing and refinishing; and June 30 tool sharpening. (315) 686-4104.

CHESAPEAKE BOATBUILDING COURSES

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum has three workshops on boatbuilding related subjects scheduled in June. June 9 will be marine painting and varnishing; June 16 name board carving; and June 23 lofting. The latter is a pre-requisite for the July traditional wooden boat building week-long course. (301) 745-2916.

YACHTING EXHIBIT OPENS

The Custom House Museum of Newburyport, MA, opens its Yachting Exhibit on June 29th co-sponsored by the American Yacht Club, with a dinner party included. (508) 462-8681.

PAPER BOATER PROSPERS

The "Paper Boater", a now and again newsletter (quarterly) for those interested in boats built of paper, is growing in circulation and interesting content. It's free to those interested. Editor Ken Cupery defines his publication as "The World's Leading (and to be honest, only) Publication of Contemporary and Historical Paper Naval Architecture". Ken Cupery, 139 Roosevelt Rd., Rochester, NY 14618.



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Sailing the Southern Sands

I have seen the Boogum tree. And it pleased me. In fact the whole Baja expedition was most pleasing, although in conception at least, it was, like the fabled tree itself, a little strange.

The notion that a midwinter testing trip to Baja was absolutely crucial to meeting the spring marketing deadlines was promoted with inescapable logic at the T-Co head office, but was met with arched brows in other quarters.

Actually, Andy floated the idea first with the announcement that there was an eclipse of the sun visible from Baja. I was careful not to investigate the matter more fully, suggesting only that the jaunt would tie in nicely with my T-Co boat testing responsibilities.

Planning was rather more elaborate than with the ordinary Thayer-Kelley project. This was partly due to fixing the departure date nearly three weeks ahead, and partly because a new couple, i.e. real people, was being integrated into the group. Grandma's camper was loaded onto Andy's big diesel 4x4 and well stocked with staples. He even brought new tires for his motorcycle trailer.

I too went all out, putting new bushings in my boat trailer spring shackles and spending \$200 to get a new timing belt in the Nissan, which was already 30,000

miles over spec. I robbed another trailer to get two 12" spares in place of the one 8 inch I usually carry.

Thus prepared, we hit the trail. The Nissan, unconstrained by the tyranny of the "system" left a day early and laid over in Flagstaff where the temp hit newsmaking lows. The tube was full of California snow storms and fruit tree damage. The Ford-mounted second wave came via Las Vegas and hit the El Centro rendezvous point at 2 a.m. Sat. morn.

The group, now complete, consisted of Janis, Susan, Steven and myself from the T-Co upper echelon, and in-law Andy with friends Bob and Di. The Ford gang were primarily mc people and had three trail bikes in tow. Steven is ambos, being equally at home on the bars or the tiller. We had his bike on the trailer alongside the "Duckah".

"Duckah"? Yes, friends, a new boat has been created and will, I modestly believe, rocket with meteoric speed to the zenith of the small boat firmament. Like yea, wow! Stand in awe!

Whence cometh this thing called "Duckah"?

What the "Duckah" is, is a Delaware Ducker (York model) from the Steve Clark mold, given a judicious shot of hormone L. No less a guru than Bolger says, "On any

given midsection, the longer a boat is the better it will sail." Reason enough. Besides, I am congenitally prone to stretching everything in sight, including, someone is saying, the truth.

The Delaware Ducker is a fabulous boat but a little tippy for relaxed cruising, and short on capacity for extended expedition work. I mean, we are talking a case of red, some whites, dependent on the fishing expected, and say, three flats of beer, that sort of thing.

The time-honored way to increase capacity is to whack a boat in half and graft a chunk into the middle. It's a simple straightforward procedure done all the time in the commercial field, and unlikely to have any unexpected performance consequences. With a sloop rig there might be some balance problems so I just do the hull and the rest is from scratch.

As added advantages, one gains stability and increased hull speed. The power requirement is nearly the same. There is, of course, increased skin friction but, unless heavily loaded, she will float higher, partly negating the increased length.

For now we'll just pop a standard Ducker rig into her and see how we get along. Other modifications include moving the mast aft, replacing the daggerboard with a pivoting cb and putting a folding

blade on the shallow rudder.

In support of the extended cruising/expedition idea, she was given extensive decking with large watertight compartments as well as sealed flotation chambers in the ends. Side decks are eight inches wide supported by longitudinal bulkheads which enclose more flotation and small impedimenta pockets. The cockpit is open for five feet with an additional three feet under the foredeck to allow for sleeping and storing the oars inside.

The initial hull was laid up quite heavy for use as a plug, and with the thick bandage in the middle incorporating wood, glass, and a couple of gallons of body putty, she weighs around 200 lbs. I think a production boat will go about 150 pounds.

And the name? Well, she had to be some kind of duck, but without a lot of thought, nothing caught my fancy. To differentiate her around the shop I started calling her the "Duckah", as in "Ducker" with "vigah". Considering all the trouble we have with "Niha", the best thing to do is just spell it like it sounds, and not make a big thing of it. I think we will just give her the Ducker logo with fangs.

But, enough of this dull technical stuff. On to Baja. The plan was to swing west to Ensenada and see some of the west coast; then south through the Boogum forest and up the east coast; expected highlights being the Catavana boulder field, Gonzaga Bay and the hot springs at Puertocitos.

Purchase of a map showing a few back roads opened up the possibility of short cutting the long leg to Ensenada via a track through a place with the improbable name of "Mike's Sky Ranch". It would show us some nice country, maybe give us a chance to see the Sierra San Pedro Martir close up, and then pop us onto the pavement at Coronet. Go for it.

The heights of the sierra just to the west were enveloped in fog as we broke camp under a splendid sunrise. As we turned south at the sign, we were into a general overcast and scattered sprinkles, "bird spit" according to Bob. This was granite country and the fairly good road was coarse sand and the rocks tire friendly.

What with stopping to investigate the fairly lush vegetation and cranking it up to twenty-per on the straightaways, we dismounted at Mike's about 11 a.m. in a dedicated drizzle. It seemed almost colder and more cheerless indoors next to the impressive but cold stove. However, the coffee was good and we decided to wait on lunch. Lunch (\$6) was good too, but weatherwise the delay was questionable.

Word from the waiter was that the road ended at Mike's. Under prodding, he allowed that with four-wheel drive we could go on. But with trailers?

Well, it wasn't too bad by Colorado standards. Some pitches near the top required a little road building and several runs. The bike trailer could be unloaded, but that wasn't an option with the boat. In any case, I can assure you that backing a trailer down a muddy cliff edge develops one's concentration wonderfully.

Once at the top, we assumed that we were home free, but I barely made it up the next hill by inhaling sharply while Susan threw branches under the tires. Unhooking the trailer, we scouted ahead a mile and decided that discretion was the better course. No problem. In this climate it would probably be dry by breakfast time. The bike scouts came back and reported good camping ahead, but by that time we were already settled in. A big Dodge Ram came by at suppertime and reported fearsome conditions far ahead.

During the night it snowed. The early morning consensus was, skip breakfast and beat a hasty retreat. The snow gave us some footing and the mud had firmed a bit. With no real trouble we were soon back at the little creek having breakfast in the bright sun. I entertained myself making a baling wire washer for my hitch ball. The lock washer had apparently broken out and there wasn't enough thread to take up the slack.

In the back of my mind was the notion that we might put the boats into Scammon's Lagoon and visit some whales. A chance encounter with an American resident in Ensenada suggested we might have problems because it is a national park and there is extensive oyster farming in the area. He suggested that a much better spot would be Laguna San Ignacio. He also recommended the bay at San Quintin as a very attractive place for small boats. It was fast becoming obvious that we weren't going to get that far. Even Bahia de Los Angeles was in doubt.

Sure enough, after a night on the beach at Camalu and a good check of the rocks north of El Rosario, which netted us a nice bag of mussels, we turned east at Laguna Chapala. We camped at the windmill and next morning rumbled off on the 42 miles of well graded, moderately rough road into Bahia San Luis Gonzaga.

We were well into the twenties most of the way and had just brought the bay into sight when the desert air was rent by that rare (second in two months) but instantly recognizable sound. In short order the hurried tourist was

transformed into one of those laid-back roadside mechanics so ubiquitous south of the border. Well, what's the problem? Oh, it was a flat alright, but the tread looked to be good. Poking the cabaza underneath brought forth a heartfelt groan.

The trailer was jacked up, sitting rock brought up, beer opened, and the situation was ready for evaluation. The little keeper gizmos that keep the leaves of the springs in alignment had worked themselves out to the shackles. The center bolt had broken and departed, letting the various leaves work fore and aft according to their preference. Since there was only one U-bolt per spring, installed catty-wampus, there was nothing to keep the leaves from turning. The short bottom one had rotated 90 degrees and a longer one had turned far enough to do a lathe job on the tire sidewall. Sigh!

No problem. The leaves were tapped back into alignment, an odd bolt dropped into the center hole secured by a beer can keeper wired over, and the gizmos wired back where they belonged. The only worry now was keeping the axle centered on the spring. Elaborate rope and wire swing arms were mentally designed but never proved necessary.

During the hour or so that Susan and I were thus pleasantly employed (nary a skinned knuckle) two sets of Americans stopped to check, and a boonie biker pedaled up and accepted a beer with less than a nano-second delay. Of course, Steven and Andy rode back to help, so we didn't lack for company. There is nothing like a successful baling wire job to get you back on the road with a real feeling of worthwhile accomplishment. If you are dubious about that, you had best carefully check your equipment.

On the water at last! Now for the good part. We actually put the boat into the water. Yep, it floated. The tide was dropping fast and we had to drag her quite a way and then pick our channel carefully, but she sailed right along, balancing with just a tad of weather helm.

The narrow pass between island and mainland was high and dry so we close reached up to the town, took some photos, then set out around the island. The wind grew lighter but she ghosted well. Finally there was no help for it and we hauled out the wood. The water was very clear, and peering over the side we saw a small ray and several edible-looking fish.

By the by, shadows from the peaks began to intersect our course often enough to put a chill in the air. Time to lay down the rig and get serious. In spite of our in-



At last, a good breeze on Gonzaga Bay, and the "Duckah" relishes it.

creased speed the island grew southward nearly as fast, and it wasn't until sundown that we caught up with that last point. The bay too had widened considerably and it was pretty dusky by the time we spotted Steven's motorcycle light well to the south of where we had posited the camp. We hauled her way up on the beach, buried the anchor, and went for the burgers.

Next morning we discovered the high water mark just under her bow. There was a spanking breeze out of the north which cried out for sailing. Bob was the only volunteer, and sensing a convert to the sport, I immediately signed him on. As we boarded in the little slop of surf, Bob fell into the boat, dinged his shin and ruefully concluded that maybe cycling was safer. Well, he soon forgot the shin as we were making waves and a little spray as well. The Ducker has a 3/4" lip around the edge which turns the slop and makes her a very dry boat. The "Duckah" shares this lip, but when "bashing to windward" some of the slosh is going to get high enough to blow inboard.

We had a splendid time (I trust I can speak for Bob) working up to the slot between island and sand spit. The "Duckah" pointed high, tracked well, balanced nicely and tacked cleanly, although she is too long to spin. Great boat, if I do say so myself!

As we neared the slot the wind strengthened and the mast bent alarmingly. It had been marginal in the Ducker but with a heavier boat and two guys to hold it down, it really looked iffy. However, it depowered the rig nicely. Well, we couldn't let up now. There was deep water up to the boulders on one side and shallow sandy bottom on the other, the whole thing just a few boat lengths wide. After a couple of tacks we were through and zoomed around to the end of the runway where we ran on the beach full tilt. We buried the anchor and made for the bar.

Cervezas were one buck cada una (2700 pesos) and as luck would have it, there was 5500 worth of coins in my pocket. Before long Andy roared up and bought us another round. Sailing's a tough game.

By now it was top of the tide and we decided to pull the boat at the ford behind the camp. Steven and Andy roared ahead (they always roar) to take photos. They set up on the banks of a narrow cove where we could tear by on a broad reach close to shore. It was a bit shallow to be tacking, but we managed to keep going with board and rudder banging over the rocky

bottom. The rudder blade finally stuck in the raised position but still she handled well. Susan was taking some spray and I had to promise a Baja T-shirt to mollify her.

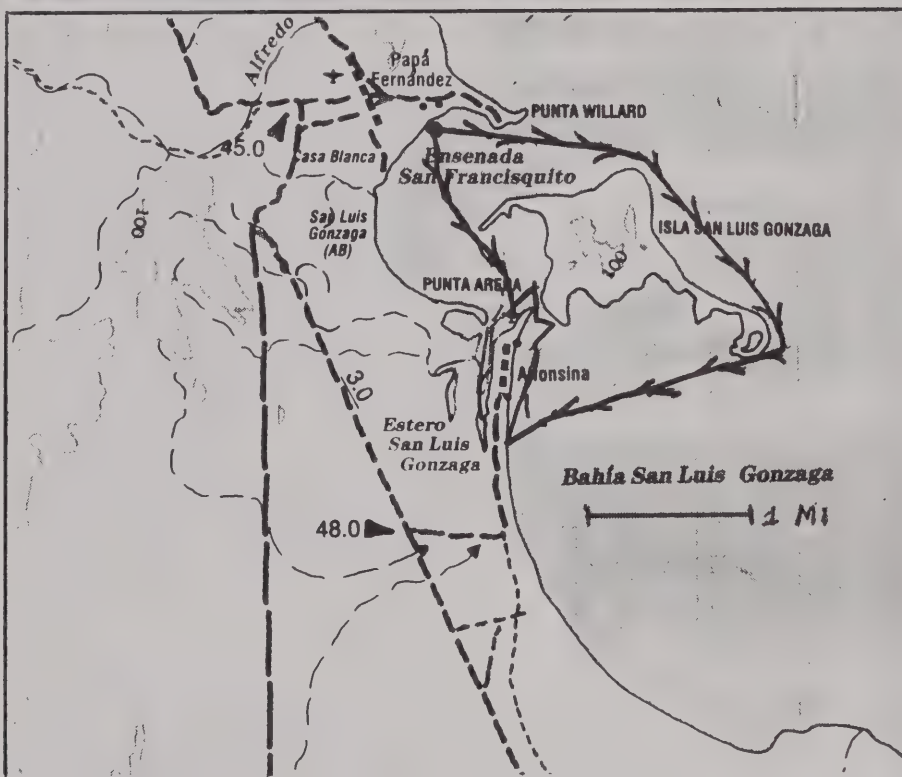
Always on the prod, we headed up the coast road. A new road has been built with considerable cut and fill and I would expect to see it paved in a few years, probably clear to No. 1. Then the motor-homes will roll and Gonzo will be just another place steamrollered by the yanqui dollar. The new road from Gonzaga is 42 miles of world class washboard with a constant 22" wavelength and 4" to 5" amplitude, well developed right out to the berm. Riding the berm, especially with a trailer that tows with a starboard bias, could get you in a peck of trouble. We followed the locals and went with the old road whenever possible. It's like an interlude of Viennese waltzes after a long dose of acid heavy metal, and gives you a feel for the old Baja. A serene and forbidding place like Baja becomes almost friendly when you are twisting around in intimate contact with the rocks and veggies.

After crawling over some of the most awesome volcanics this side of mars, one bounces into Puertocitos, a tacky example of what second home money will do if it can't get title to the land. There is a perfect little harbor with a sand beach at its head and a private paved ramp. Puertocitos is renowned for its hot spring. It was located forthwith and the Grubby Gringo soon transformed into El Volcan, the sulfur kid. Henceforth, instead of edging away, noses twitching in disgust, folks distanced themselves, brows wrinkled in puzzlement. The pools cover at high tide, thus keeping them rinsed out and moderating the temperature. Splendid spot. The restaurant had good simple food at the best prices of the trip. Beer still a buck.

Glory be. At Puertocitos the pavement starts, but with vados (fords, dips). The ribbons of rubber leading into these babies indicate that people know what they are like but tend to forget. The vados tend to harbor a few bushes in a land of limited cover, and among the ladies, vado became the term for pit stop.

Halfway to San Felipe, the pavement, the whole inch of it, starts to disappear. Put down since we were there three years ago, it has gotten bad enough so that one is tempted back to the old road at times.

Topping the dunes south of San Felipe, we found the beautiful bay full of colorful Hobie cats. Shades of SoCal. The town has really gone tourista with condos,



upscale hotels, plenty of junk shops, and the ultimate horror, a gross green disco called the "Rock-odile".

The small, drying out, commercial harbor has the usual assortment of nice new work, refits, and gone-beyond-hope disasters. A check of the scrapbook reveals that four of them, one nearly finished, hadn't moved since three years ago. On the beach is a mob of pangas, and more modern types, with many devoted to tourist fishing, rather than the honest market fishing of yesterday.

After a night at our favorite hangout, San Diego Beach (\$5/car, hot showers \$1), the Ford departed for the real world while the T-Co

gang, crammed into the king-cab Nissan, went off to do some fresh water sailing. I had seen photos of a place called Laguna Hanson, now dignified and presumably protected by, the nombre, "Parque Nacional Constitución de 1857". It looked very much like Big Bear in SoCal.

We turned north from No. 3 at the sign east of Ojos Negros. Nearly all the questionable turnings from then on had some sort of sign. The fairly good track ascended gradually on a vast plateau spotted with piles of granite boulders, and homogeneously covered with a shoulder high blanket of bush, primarily an unknown feathery-leaved evergreen.

Granitic rock is a benign road



Laguna Hanson, someone took away all the water!

material, producing a coarse sand and rounded stones. We were always glad to see the rounded granite mountains which form much of the backbone of Baja, and dreaded the appearance of metamorphics and extrusives which give rise to jarring, angular "Baja gravel".

The recent wet weather was evidenced by the enormous, well, what to call them? They were much too big for potholes, even by New England standards, and certainly too firm and regular for mudholes. Laguna would be a bit too grand a term, although there was serious talk of launching the "Duckah" in one for a photo. They were saucer-shaped depressions which had grown well beyond the sides of the road due to people trying to sneak around them. The water was currently hub-deep, but many of them had the potential for holding a couple of feet. They added interest to the trip.

As we approached the park, ponderosa pine took over, some standing watch over declining and doomed snowbanks. We came into the center of the park just at dusk, eyes straining for sight of

the Laguna, which at this hour should have been a dark jewel shining faintly through the stately pines in its luminous granite setting. Well it was dark alright, and no shine. Mud by golly.

Morning revealed that it was mostly bone dry except for a few puddles, none so large as in the road behind us. To assuage our disappointment, we went clambering off over the monumental boulders, admiring the magnificent manzanita lavishly decorated with fluorescent lime-green lichen, alone worth the trip.

The road out to the north, through an enormous burn, was slow and rocky in the best Baja tradition. We were buoyed, however, by the thought of sailing the great Laguna Salada, favored, according to the brochure, by windsurfers from California, though, to be candid, we were not overly sanguine, in view of our recent experiences.

Pitching over the edge of the incredible granite escarpment which gives rise to the Sierra Juarez, we saw in the hazy distance the basin of the legendary Laguna Salada. A

check with the glasses was inconclusive. The road downward, new since we were through here with Greenie twenty some years ago, was spotted with panting semis, Diamond T and the like, retired south in their old age and now suffering the unconscionable burden of double wagons.

Rolling into the parking lot at El Oasis, we saw that the lake was indeed dry, lacking even an encouraging mirage. A track across the bottom disappeared into the distance, giving blissfully soft access to the hot springs at Guadalupe Canyon. Crusts of salt attested to its name and numerous dried fish witnessed its productivity in a lifeless land.

A couple of small motorboats stranded some way out and a pile of sorry fiberglass lapstrake dinks testified that the windsurfers had indeed froliced in a vanished sea. The caretaker said that it had been dry a year, while an American parked nearby thought it had been gone about four years.

Three years ago we had remarked the marshes along Route 5 and the thriving fish camp where the road crosses the Canal Salada. I was smitten at the time with the idea of following the canal into the mysterious distance, having no inkling of where it led or what its purpose was. This year the marshes and canal were dry and the fish camp was gone with hardly a trace.

Now, knowing the geography, it seems to me a strange but compelling adventure to sail the phantom Laguna Salada from Route 2 around to the crossing at Route 5. If, as seems likely, the Laguna was nourished by wastewater from the Colorado, I'll probably never see it. Still, I'll keep an eye out.

Writing off the Laguna for the foreseeable future, we visited a cactus farm, traded the spent Dos Equis case in on a bottle of Kahlua, tanked up on gas, and split for the border.

Stateside the next morning in Needles, we sat in a MacDonalds and watched a fellow run an interminable and pointless stream of water down the parking lot. Just a chance to get out of the kitchen, I think. Two hours out of Mac's we were back on the dirt heading down to Six-Mile Cove on Lake Mojave. An encouraging breeze ruffled the surface, but while we washed off the Baja dust and had a leisurely lunch, it apparently got tired and left.

We went out anyway, having boats that row well and shrink not at the tyranny of the wind. We just mooched along, soaking up rays, stalking the carp, and watching the colors play on the hills. Steven didn't bother taking a rig, but I fooled with mine anytime a zephyr

Looking for a breeze, is that a riffle over there?



beckoned, with the result that he and Susan got home a lot sooner than we did. Steven remarked on how enjoyable it had been. There may be hope for the younger generation after all.

On the morrow, it was still a dead calm so we took the boats and had a little rowing race, then got photos of the sleek craft drifting through the reflected mountains. Having seen the green fields of California and the pitiable trickle south of Mexicali, one has enhanced regard for these impoundments.

The Colorado chain of reservoirs from Havasu through Mojave and Mead to Powell offer delightful sailing and camping off season. I understand that the lower ones, including Mead, erupt on Memorial Day. The ranger at Mojave carries a shotgun, whatever that may mean.

Packing up our now shiny kit, we descended on Las Vegas to get our rube cards punched and ogle the sights. The cascades, veritable Niagaras, at the new Mirage, powered by yet more falling water just down the road at Hoover Dam, lead one, just returned from Baja, to ponder the cosmic scheme of things. But not for too long.

We gave Steven the throttle and whacked it up to St. George for the night. Next day at Mac's in Cedar City, Scott Atkin was taking a keen interest in the boats with thoughts of Baja in his head. He certainly picked the right group. He's already bought plans for the Peter Boat from old "you know who", but maybe, just maybe, he'll jump for a "Duckah" hull and be sailing Bahia Concepcion next winter.

Rain showers, lunch on the incredible "Swell" and a monstrous cup of coffee from Crescent Junction saw us into the Center of the Western World where we packed it in just 2800 miles from the other side of the road, well content and a trifle smug.

Well, you say, that's a lot of miles and time for a handful of hours of sailing. True enough, I guess, but really, sailing is just ancilliary. it's the messing about that counts.

Story & Photos from Jim Thayer, Thayer & Co., 2106 Atlee Rd., Mechanicsville, VA 23111.

When the wind doesn't blow...you row. On Lake Mojave, Janis and Steven go for a row, Jim indulges in some leisurely sculling, and sunrise enhances the grace and beauty of the "Duckah".





The Happy Wanderer

Combine a uniquely designed kayak, a novice paddler, and a love of the outdoors, and you get a person who has enjoyed the collective experience of building a boat, cruising in it in the Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia and on numerous coastal backwaters and tidal creeks, and winning a first ever paddling race.

The boat is a "Happy Wanderer", an original design of Ron Ely's. Ron has developed both solo and double ultra-stable kayaks and offers the building plans or kits to interested persons. The solo model is large enough to carry the paddler, camping gear and a week's supply of food. It can be loaded by one person and is easily car-topped. The 14'x30.5" hull weighs about 65 to 70 pounds, has a 5' cockpit and can carry 350 pounds. The 17'x35.5" double weighs about 85 to 90 pounds, carries two persons in an 8.5' cockpit and has a total capacity of 600 pounds. It too can be car-topped but usually takes two to load it. Ron has an 11' model for children and small adults under design.

The boats can be decked with the same 1/4" plywood as is used for the hull, or to reduce weight, can be covered with a re-inforced polyethylene material. They are not recommended for white water use but are excellent in coastal backwaters, lakes of any size, sounds, bays and rivers. The small skegs fitted make them handle well in high winds, and with the cockpit spray skirt in place, one can paddle in stormy or rainy weather in relative comfort. They are not considered to be open ocean kayaks but should be enjoyed near shore.

I found building mine to be a simple task. I had limited knowledge of building techniques or

boat designs, but the blueprints and step-by-step instructions helped me to enjoy building it alone during the winter months as an alternative to becoming a couch potato. Since the color scheme is the buyer's choice, I opted for a camouflage decor with fall duck hunting in mind.

On my craft's maiden voyage, I was delighted to find no leaks. I really hadn't expected any what with the use of the 3M 5200 marine sealant that bonds the boat together, along with brass screws and bronze nails, but it felt good to know I would not be needing to do any patchwork. I launched the boat a week before a planned trip to the Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia. My limited practice was on a still-water lake near my home and I quickly learned to feel "at one" with my creation.

Despite being a novice paddler, I had no trouble at all keeping up with my canoeing friends on the Okefenokee trip, even though they had many years of experience amongst them. Not once did I come close to tipping and the boat rode lightly on the water despite my week's worth of gear and food on board. Some pools we encountered were choked with lily pads and the canoes had to struggle to get through them, but my craft knifed right through with a bit of extra paddle effort. The only drawback I encountered was in the narrow passages where my long double paddle was impossible to use. I either pulled myself along by overhanging branches (keeping a lookout for basking snakes) or switched to a single blade technique.

After returning home to the southern coast of North Carolina (this was last spring) I spent a lot of time paddling sections of

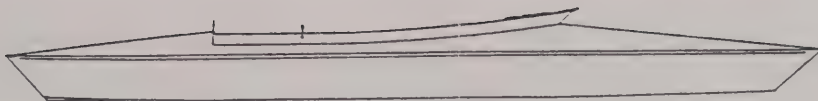
many of the tidal creeks and estuaries in the area. I traveled at times with just another companion, often alone, and once with twenty others. Even on the solo trips I had no reason to be apprehensive about my craft's ability to handle the water conditions.

Late last spring I attended the annual wooden boat show in the maritime town of Beaufort, North Carolina. It's a gathering of traditional and home built wooden boats that I find exciting. A paddling race was part of the program, but due to lack of entrants, those of us who planned to take part raced in a sort of allcomer's event, my kayak against a pirogue and a six-man pulling boat. This nervous novice found himself home first in the wind-swept event on Taylor Creek Sound! I'm pumped to return this year!

The designer, Ron Ely, has twenty years experience in Boy Scouting and five years as a Florida state park ranger. He spent two years on Cabbage Key when in Florida and often kayaked at night across Pine Island Sound, even in small craft warning conditions. He bases his view that his design is indeed a very safe one on such experiences. His requirements were to provide a stability for novice paddlers; good tracking for cruising in a straight line; turning ease for the tight spots; seaworthiness for plowing right on through wind chop; and good motivation, forward motion for paddling effort expended. I have found my boat to provide all of these.

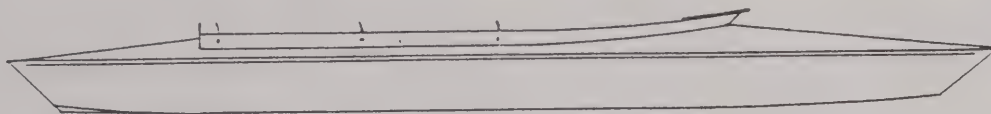
Ron will send you a detailed brochure of his plans and kits, request one from him at Ely Trail Crafts, Rt. 1 Box 1456, Burgaw, NC 28425, (919 259-4120).

Norman Horne, Shallotte, NC.



"HAPPY WANDERER 1"

Dimensions: 13' 11" long, 30½" overall beam (27" at waterline) 5' cockpit, and 350# load capacity. Designed for cruising and camping by one person. Cockpit is big enough to accommodate a second, small person by removing back rest. Tandem paddling, however, might be difficult.



"HAPPY WANDERER 2-1"

Dimensions: 17' long, 35½" overall beam (31" at waterline), 8½' cockpit, and 600# load capacity. Designed for cruising and camping by two paddlers, and the center seat is positioned to facilitate solo paddling.



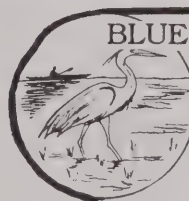
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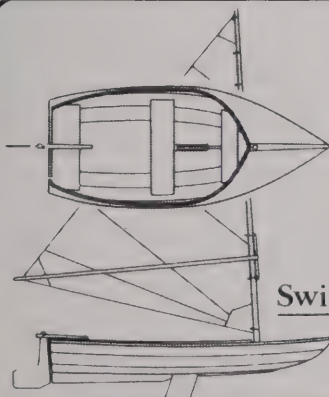
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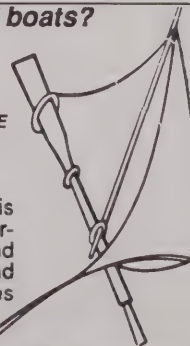
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P. O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355



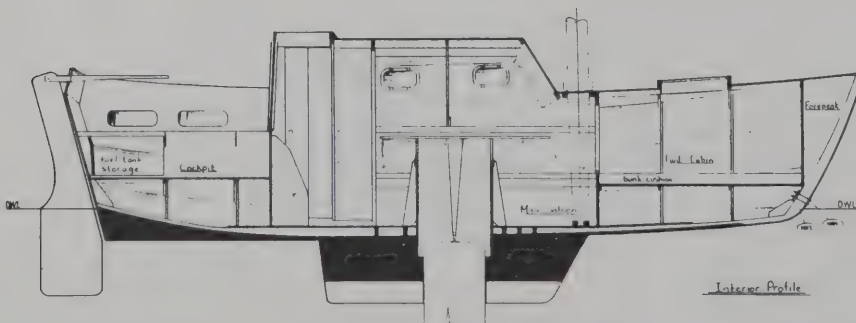
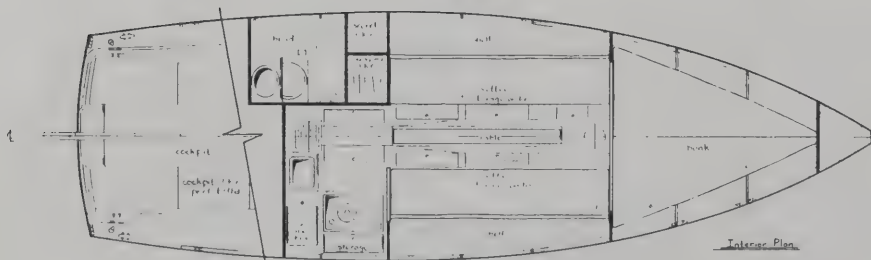
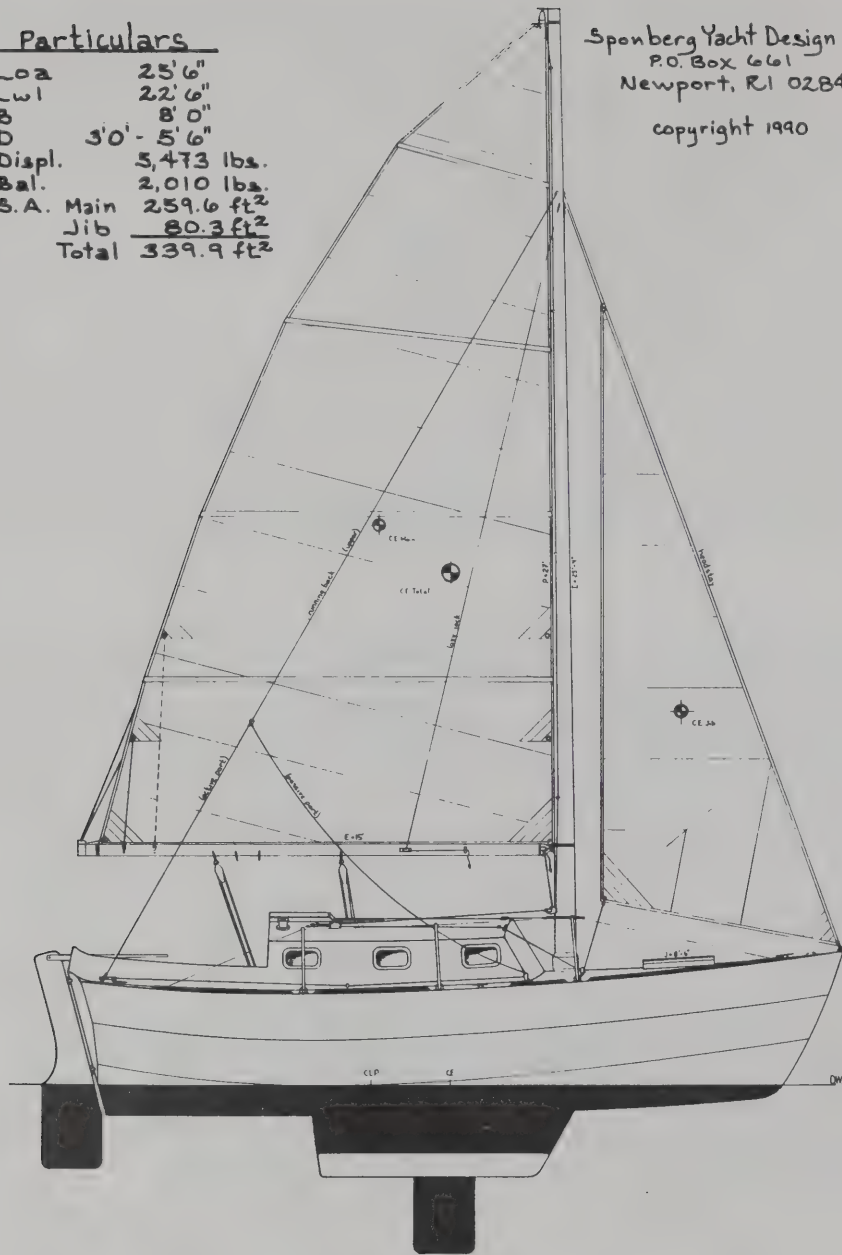
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Loa	25' 6"
Lwl	22' 6"
B	8' 0"
D	3' 0" - 5' 6"
Displ.	5,473 lbs.
Bal.	2,010 lbs.
S.A. Main	259.6 ft ²
Jib	80.3 ft ²
Total	<u>339.9 ft²</u>

Sponberg Yacht Design Inc.
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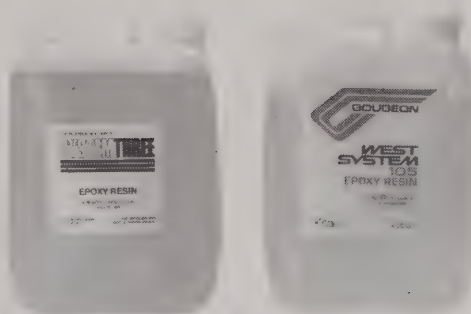
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Another innovative building technique makes the "Delft 25" unsinkable. All of the bulkheads and interior joiner panels are made of two facings of 1/4" plywood glued to each side of 1/2" thick PVC foam core. This adds a tremendous amount of built-in buoyancy to the boat. Some additional PVC foam panels are installed throughout the boat's interior, mostly in hidden places. Areas where the foam is exposed to view may be covered over with upholstery fabrics or wood ceiling strips.

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Sponberg Yacht Design, Inc.,
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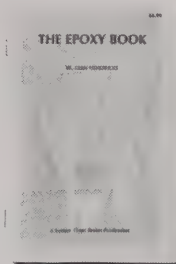
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Mayflower

Volunteers sought

The Friends of the Mayflower is looking for more members. For more information, call the marine department at Plimoth Plantation, 508-746-1622.

Special to South Look

By Lee Seibert



The Friends of the Mayflower is a group whose members love the smell of tar and have saltwater running through their veins. Their passion is for square-rigged ships, which is why they have joined to work on the Mayflower II.

The Mayflower II, berthed in Plymouth, is a reproduction of the ship that brought the Pilgrims to New England in 1620. It has become a symbol of the nation's immigrant beginnings, and more than 350,000 visitors climb aboard each year.

Built by J.W. & A. Upham Ltd. in Brixham, Devonshire, England, the Mayflower II arrived in Plymouth Harbor on June, 13, 1957, after a 55-day crossing. Because no information exists on the actual dimensions of the original Mayflower, the design for the reproduction follows merchant vessel specifications of similar 17th-century ships. After extensive research, naval architect W.A. Baker of Hingham published the design plans in an article in the *American Neptune Journal*. A group in England, calling themselves "Project Mayflower," contacted Plimoth Plantation and offered to commission the shipbuilding and donate the Mayflower II to the museum.

Baker also designed the Plantation's shallop, a small working boat of the type used by the Pilgrims to explore and fish. It was in the shallop that the first party of Pilgrims ventured into Plymouth Bay.

The Plantation's shallop is dry-docked next to the marine shop at the museum, waiting to be painted before being restored to its place beside the Mayflower II. During the tourist season, the small craft is sailed into the harbor by museum staff to

demonstrate period techniques of sail handling, fishing and rowing.

This winter, the Mayflower II has been stripped of all her rigging, and a contractor has been hired to replace the half deck. A new main mast of Douglas fir is ready to be installed. It has been seasoning in the saltwater at Plymouth's pier for several years. An entire suit of new sails is ready, waiting for the refurbished rigging to be set in place.

Meanwhile, under the watchful eye of Michael Freeman, the Mayflower II's rigger, the volunteers are learning as they work on ropes and rigging. Freeman, a veteran of the British navy, has sailed on square riggers some 25 years.

"I've been halfway 'round the world," he says, "been up one side of South America through the Panama Canal and then down again, past the Galapagos."

He wants to teach the Mayflower volunteers the seamen's trades, now on the decline — rigging, caulking and shipwrighting (ship building) by hand. He knows about knots, splicing, stripping the rigging and moving these great vessels around with only the power of the wind. Employed by Plimoth Plantation and assisted by only one other rigger and two carpenters, Freeman's job is to maintain the Mayflower II.

According to John Burke, supervisor of the Plantation's marine department and a licensed ship's master, maintaining a wooden boat is an ongoing proposition. Every day, off-season and on, tasks need to be done.

"A ship is like a human being. It has a soul and a spirit, and it has to be nurtured. It will wither away with rot, and you won't end up with a boat after a while."

Work on the rigging is now taking place in the marine shop and adjacent woodworking shop at the Plantation. What was once a rather small warehouse has been recently expanded and insulated through the generosity of Andrew "Scotty" Anderson-Bell, who was a crew member aboard the Mayflower II when she sailed from England in 1957 and has remained interested in the ship ever since. Along with his wife, Eleanor, Scotty has donated essential machinery as well.

For George Cushman, a charter member of the Friends of the Mayflower, the goal is to see the Mayflower II under sail.

"I fell in love with the Mayflower while I was working out of Plymouth on a whale-watching boat," Cushman says.

He has made a personal study of the Mayflower and has a wealth of information he is happy to share. He volunteers three or four days a week in the marine shop, working on a variety of tasks.

Other members of the Friends include a policeman, an electrician, a plumber and a school counselor. They come for the love of the ship, the joy of craftsmanship and, perhaps, the secret wish to sail on board.

The last time the Mayflower II set sail in Cape Cod Bay was in October of 1964 for an ABC documentary on the Pilgrims. She has been towed to Gloucester for painting and minor restoration and to Maine, where she has undergone more complicated repair to her hull. The Plantation's trustees want the ship in sailing condition and the volunteers are part of this effort.

There will be training at the dock, and people with square-rigger experience are welcomed. Anyone who finds himself "methodically knocking people's hats off," as Herman Melville says in *Moby Dick*, should "get to sea." ■



The "CHRISTEEN" was built in Glenwood Long Island, New York in 1883 and typifies all the characteristics of the Long Island Sound oyster dredging sloop. Of the hundreds of its' type built in New England, the "CHRISTEEN" is one of few remaining examples of a regional-ly designed work boat ...

Originally dredging the off shore beds of Long Island, in the 1890's the "CHRISTEEN" was also registered to dredge all the natural beds in Connecticut.

Unlike the Skipjack fleet of Marylands Chesapeake Bay, the Long Island Sound fleet, which was larger in number, has not survived the oysters decline.

The entire fleet, with few exceptions, is gone forever...

The "CHRISTEEN" is a survivor, and has been nominated to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places.

At the turn of the century, a multi-million dollar fishing industry was centered around the world famous Long Island Sound Oyster. Less than a hundred years later that same industry had declined to near non existence due to years of over fishing and pollution. During the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, hundreds of vessels and thousands of people were active in seeding, harvesting, and selling oysters. As the shellfish industry developed, so did the methods, tools, and vessels. To meet the public demand there evolved a class vessel unique in its design. Unlike the smaller scows and larger schooners, the oyster dredge sloop developed as a result of the need for a specialized work boat adaptable to the Long Island Sound oyster beds.

Shallow draft with retractable centerboard, beamy decks, low freeboard, heavy mast and rigging, large sail area, with cabin aft and hold forward, are the common characteristics of most of these sloops. Hundred of these sloops were built to dredge undersail, yet as the oysters declined, so did the need for the vessels.

Currently docked as a public display at the Connecticut River Museum in Essex, Connecticut, the "CHRISTEEN" somehow has managed to survive a transition that so often was the fate of other such vessels.

As the oyster beds declined, the "CHRISTEEN" changed owners and captains many times; sometimes as a cargo carrier, other times as a liveaboard. During the 1930s until the early 1970s she fished the waters on New Jersey until she was sold to a New York City charter boat company. Finally as a liveaboard in New London, Connecticut in the 1980s, time and neglect began to take its toll.

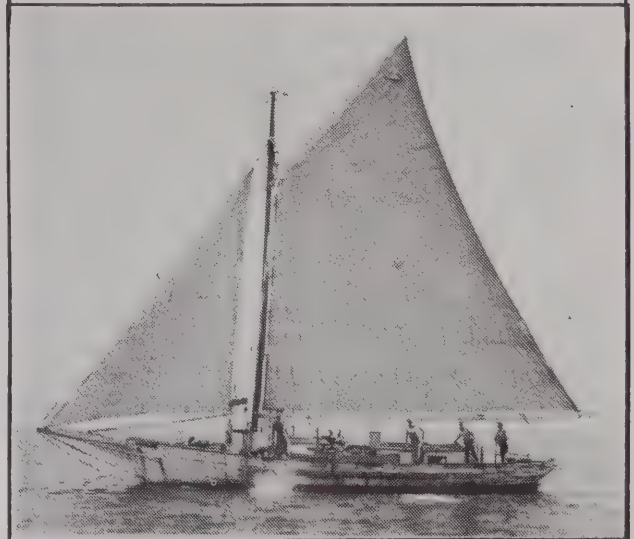
As a tribute to the thousands of people and hundreds of vessels that contributed to the development of the oyster industry, and as a living and working example of our heritage under sail, the "CHRISTEEN" will once again proudly sail the waters of Long Island Sound, as a final link to our past.

"CHRISTEEN" 1883 Oyster Sloop A Restoration Project

Founded in 1989 as a non-profit educational foundation, the TRADEWINDS EDUCATION NETWORK develops public education programs regarding the shellfish industry and its long history, and studies the effects of pollutants and contaminants on the waters of Long Island Sound.

The restoration of the sloop "CHRISTEEN" is one of these programs, and upon completion will serve as a traveling classroom and laboratory. Groups and organizations interested in use of the vessel are encouraged to contact us. Your contributions are tax deductible.

TRADEWINDS EDUCATION NETWORK
P.O. BOX 642 ESSEX, CONNECTICUT 06426



Along the Jersey coast, from Bay Head down, is a fringe of sand islands separated from the shore by a strip of water varying in width from the stretch of five miles at Barnegat to the narrow thoroughfare below Ocean City, which is only a few yards across, and goes winding through broad meadows.

It had long been a pet idea with the boys at Barnegat City to sail round Cape May to Philadelphia in their fourteen-foot sneak boxes. There was considerable danger attached to the trip, for the boats were not intended for deep water, and moreover there was a bar to be crossed at Cold Spring Inlet where it was necessary to go out to sea, and the yacht captains had warned us so persistently of the dangers of crossing a bar that we had come to regard all bars with instinctive dread.

But notwithstanding the dangers prophesied we finally decided to go—that is, two of did. And so one day, in the latter part of last August, we loaded our little craft with the usual supply of clothes, quilts and provisions, and on a certain Wednesday afternoon we sailed from the little wharf in the cover, followed by the good wishes of our friends who had gathered to see us off.

We stood on down the broad, shallow cover where the grass lies bare in masses at low water. To our right were low meadow islands, beyond which was the bay, its farther shore barely distinguishable. The shore to our left was edged by a broad belt of meadow, and across this could be seen high sand hills, crested with coarse grass. These hills lay along the beach, and even from our low position we could see the black smoke of a steamer out on the ocean.

We were mainly interested, however, in taking last looks at Barnegat City, where we had spent so many pleasant days, and we found ourselves wondering if we would ever see it again, for we were prone to be pessimistic at that moment.

From the first cover we passed to a second, which was almost a perfect triangle, with the apex on the shore, and the broad base opening on the bay.

We rounded the southern point and saw lying before us a broad expanse of water, studded with numerous low, grassy islands. Along the shore were several villages, scattered at a distance of a few miles. "Nothing but the lighthouse left in sight now," said Charlie, looking back. I turned, and sure enough every sign of the village was hidden by the point just rounded except the red and white tower of the lighthouse.

"And here we go, the three of us," he went on, rather dolefully. "You me and the boat,"

ROUND CAPE MAY POINT IN A SNEAK BOX

by T. Harry Walnut

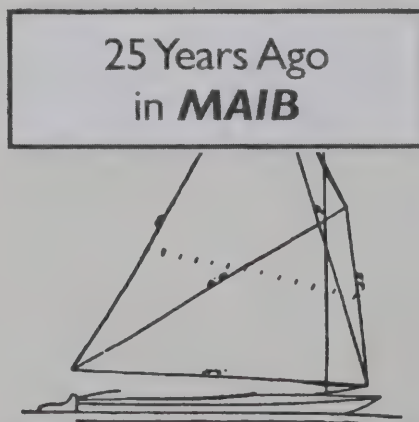
(From the June
1902 issue of *Rudder*.
Submitted by
Roger Allen)



and he was more than half in earnest, for the boat seemed almost like a person.

We made a quick trip of the nine miles to the Barnegat draw, for the tide and wind were with us. The draw was closed, by the bridgeman opened for us when we blew our conch shell, which was a specimen of good nature that we did not experience again during the whole trip. Shortly after passing the bridge we crossed the dividing line between the two inlets, Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor, and met the flood tide. The line is known as The Bonnet, and at low water it is almost bare.

Toward evening the gray clouds that had covered the sky all day grew heavier, and a fine driving rain began to fall. We were crossing a broad expanse of water just above Little Egg Harbor Inlet at the time, and as darkness was coming on rapidly we decided to put up in the lee of a lofty cedar-crowned sand hill rising right from the water's edge, on the tip of a long point. From a distance in the dim light it looked like a purple mountain. As we drew nearer we caught sight of a little house peeping out from the thick covert of cedars. It was a most lonely place for a habitation and, as we knew, the man who had live there had deserted it long ago. It was a ghostly sort of place, too, on such a night, so we persuaded ourselves that we preferred sleeping in the boat to putting up our army A tent on shore. We cast anchor in a sheltered spot and put up our cover.



CRUISING SNEAKBOX—SAIL PLAN

There was just room enough inside of this to let us in. I sat in the middle of the hatch, with my back against the after deck and my feet doubled under me like a Turk, while Charlie squeezed into a space not an inch too large for his rather small body, between the centerboard trunk and the deck. On the other side of the trunk we placed the oil stove. There was one advantage in such close quarters—nothing could get far out of reach, but that was counterbalanced by the agony of moving. Charlie was absolutely helpless in his seat, and I had to go through all sorts of contortions to get a plate or a box from behind me. But we did not complain, and in fact, were rather pleased with our close quarters, as we said that it made it so cozy. When it came time to spread the quilts on the floor, one of us had to crawl out astern, taking particular pains not to disturb the crosspiece that supported the boom, and sit there in the chilly, damp night air while the other made the beds. Then we would crawl into our respective sides and lie till we fell asleep, listening to the little waves slapping the bottom of the boat, with nothing but the thickness of an inch plank between them and us. It was a lucky thing we were both small, or we could never have lived as we did.

The morning dawned cloudy and rainy, with the wind still northeast. When I awoke the lighthouse at Sea Haven was still flashing its red and white rays out to sea. I waded ashore and drew a bucket of water from the pump by the deserted house, and we had breakfast. Then we packed away our various articles as well as we could in such small compass, and set off before the wind across Little Egg Harbor Inlet. Our course was once furrowed by numberless privateers; for, in the war of '76 and later, in 1812 Tuckerton was a nest of privateers that found Brigantine Inlet a convenient refuge to dodge into, and Tuckerton a fine place in which to dispose of prizes. The only signs of shipping at this time, however, were two lumber schooners, whose crews were idling about the decks waiting for the ebb tide to carry them to sea.

We left them behind and headed across Great Bay (as the water back of the inlet is called) toward the west, and from here we went by a narrow connecting channel into Grassy Bay, and across this shallow, grass-covered pond to the Brigantine draw, where there was scarcely six inches of water, as the tide was down, and we had to get out and drag our boat after us. On the other side we entered a twisting thoroughfare that brought us out on the north side of Absecon Inlet, right beside the pier used by the steamers from Atlantic city. Then by various thor-

oughfares leading through the meadows we were carried past the great summer resort. But at its very end our way was barred by two railroad bridges, and but a short distance beyond them was a third, for the turnpike. The keepers would not deign to open for us, so we had to take out our mast and paddle through all three.

We tied up on the far side of the last one and went ashore to buy some fruit at the farmers' market, which is the only quaint spot in all Atlantic. We felt remarkably glad to leave this town behind, for its rear view is distasteful to more senses than one.

The remainder of the day we spent in a winding thoroughfare which finally, about sundown, brought us out on Great Egg Harbor Inlet, which we crossed in high spirits, for the sun was setting in a clear sky that augured fine weather for the following day. We pitched our tent that night in a little grove of cedars north of Ocean City and spent the following day there. But early Saturday morning we were up and off again, bucking against a strong ebb tide with only a faint head wind to carry us along. At last we came to a cornucopia-shaped piece of water, called Peck's Bay, at the narrow end of which was a thoroughfare narrower and more winding than any yet, which well deserves its name of Crook Horn.

Not far beyond the entrance it was spanned by a peculiar looking drawbridge, seemingly too clumsy to move. The keeper evidently thought as much, for he scarcely cast one look at our little craft from the door of his house and then returned to his easy chair. A lone fisherman sat on the bridge, who grinned at us as we rowed laboriously against the current under his dangling heels.

It was afternoon when we finally came out on Corson's Inlet where a clean stretch of sand enticed us to take a swim. On crossing the inlet we entered another thoroughfare and toward evening came into Ludlum Bay, just back of Sea Isle City. The high tide and the setting sun combined to make the usually unsightly meadows almost pretty. Sighting over them from our low position they looked like a well-kept lawn.

We went up to town that evening and laid in a new supply of provisions, as the next day was Sunday. When we came down to our boat, it seemed like coming into a bewitched spot, it was so still. There was not a breath of wind and the water and meadows were deserted. The only habitation within a mile was a large ramshackle building in the last stages of disrepair, which rather enhanced the loneliness of the place by the sense of mystery pervading it. We poled some distance from shore, hoping in that way to escape the

mosquitoes, and for the time we succeeded. the noise of the oars and the sound of our voices seemed unnatural and made us feel strange. So dead did everything about us appear that we almost doubted if we were alive.

But when morning came we awoke to a full sense of our being and supplied ourselves with what was necessary to carry us through a morning's sail. Then we began our journey through intricate windings, and at last arrived at Townsend's Inlet, where we fell in with a large tubby catboat that gave us a merry race for several hours. Once we led her into bad ways and she grounded on a bar that our shallow draught let us over easily. For a while she hung close to us, but being a poor hand at tacking, we left her well behind by the time we reached Leaming Sound, where we were unfortunately stranded for an hour or two waiting for the tide to rise, and in the meantime the wind strengthened so that we had to reef down, which makes slow work of beating against the tide. Shortly after leaving the Sound we came to a broad thoroughfare trending so much to the east that we could lay our course. But fortune did not favor us long, for we soon came to another turn and thereafter had to beat in the very teeth of the wind down a wide stream which opened out on Hinford Inlet, some four or five miles away. There was a choppy sea running and our boat pounded hard, keeping a continual shower of spray flying over us. We were soon drenched to the skin, our finger tips became white and shriveled, and our lips turned blue with cold. It was the acme of discomfort: everything was wet, and at every motion of the boat the water in the bottom slopped from side to side and spurted through the bottom boards. And for all our trouble we were not getting anywhere very fast, and when we reached the inlet, it was too dark to attempt to cross, so we examined the shore for a shelter. For a long distance there was not the smallest nook to put into and we had almost given up hope, when, right at the spot where the thoroughfare joined the inlet, we caught sight of a little hook of land covered with thick grass—exactly the haven for us. And with thankfulness in our hearts we ran through the grass to the shore. Our joints were like rusty hinges when we attempted to get up, but a little exercise soon limbered them. Now began the dreariest night of the cruise. We were certainly a disconsolate pair in our dripping clothes, and would have given all we owned just then to be able to strip and fall into a warm bed. But there was no such thing as a bed in that forsaken place way down on the tip of a desolate piece of beach, with no man

nearer than Anglesea, which lay across the inlet, excepting, perhaps, the guards at the government house we remembered passing some miles above. We moped around for a time, feeling not the least inclination to fix up our boat. But when finally we did bail her out and drew the bedding from under the stern, we found it not nearly so wet as we expected.

After this discovery we felt better, and when our cover was put up, the lantern lighted, and the coffee pot simmering on the oil stove, we felt truly comfortable for the first time in a good many hours and could enjoy the sound of the wind whistling through the rigging.

Such a sail as we had been through was very exhausting and we could scarcely keep awake long enough to finish our scanty supper before turning in. but our rest was not undisturbed, for about midnight a bad thunderstorm came out of the northwest and changed the direction of the wind, so that the rain blew through the open end of our cover. It did not amount to much, however, and we turned over and slept till almost morning, when we were aroused by a numerous and industrious band of mosquitoes. There was no rest in their presence, so we took our bucket, and crossing the island, strolled along the surf to the Life Saving Station, where we found the men at breakfast. They were only too glad to fill our buckets at the well, and

would have given us breakfast, too, if we had wanted it.

On our journey back we disturbed numbers of plover and willets that circled over the surf and lighted again a short distance further on. Before we left the beach we were driving a great bunch ahead of us. They were remarkably tame, too, so that we could get within easy gunshot distance. That is always the way when there is no gun handy.

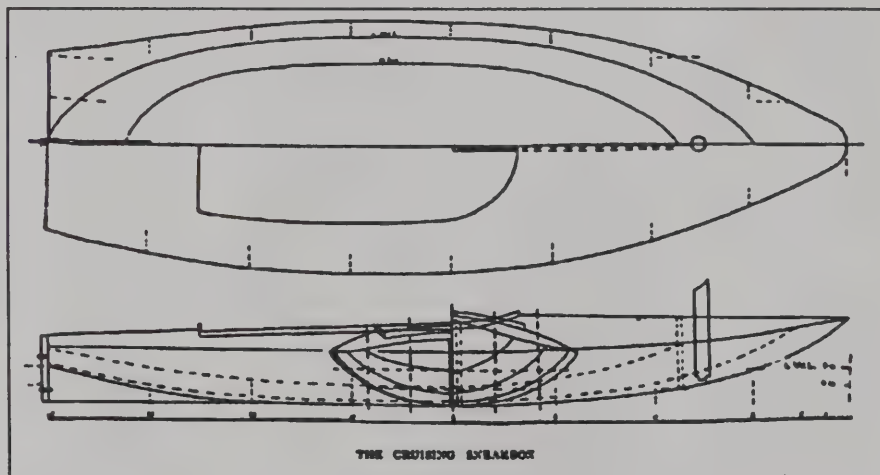
When we were ready to start the wind was blowing as hard from the north as it had blown from the south the day previous, so we kept in our reefs, and even that way toiled along at a rattling good pace, sliding down the big waves, and soon drew out of the inlet into a thoroughfare, and not far from the mouth of this was the last drawbridge that would worry us before we reached home. A short time after passing this obstruction we entered a maze of channels, bays and sounds that, for puzzling intricacy, outclassed all our previous experiences. And we decided that without a chart we might have wandered here forever and a day.

But the end was approaching, and if the wind held we could make Cold Spring Inlet by afternoon, where our difficulties with shallows and narrows would be over. The thought pleases us, and yet we had many misgivings about leaving our present shelter, and trusting ourselves to the tender mercies of the deep, and it made us shiver to think of the bar. Once in awhile we gave rein to the dark side of our imaginations and pictured ourselves with a huge sea bearing down on us having an appallingly hollow look on the near side, which would raise our bow and turn us end over end or would curl over and break just as it reached us and drop a ton or so of water on the boat. And after that if we were not killed directly we would go drifting seaward, and what would happen then we hated to think about. These fears disturbed our peace of mind not a little and we looked forward anxiously to the first sight of the dreaded inlet.

Shortly after twelve o'clock we entered the last thoroughfare--only a short one--and almost before we know it, we had jumped out into the inlet and there was the ocean

ahead of us shining under the bright sun, and on either hand were white sandy beaches looking delightfully clean after so long a spell of mud and meadow.

We sailed out the inlet, but merely to reconnoiter, for we had no intention of attempting the voyage round the Cape till the next day. The tide was low and in some places the bar lay uncovered. The breaking waves made a loop of foam from one shore to the other, to all appearances, continuous. The sight was disheartening, and we looked at each other with discouragement staring out of our eyes. But while we were in this situation a yacht left a pavillion on the opposite shore and stood out to sea and we followed in her wake. As we drew near the bar the waves became larger and larger, but most of them were even swells. Some distance from shore we caught sight of a tall pole apparently rising right out of the water.



We decided that it marked the end of the channel, so we knew turned round and headed for shore, but keeping our eyes on the yacht, we saw her lift and pitch nearly half out of the water as she was passing the stake, but beyond it she went along smoothly. We tried to persuade ourselves that it looked easy, but there was a feeling that still persisted in remaining which prevented perfect tranquillity.

We took a swim on reaching shore again and not long after sailed up a thoroughfare and put up for the night. Our sleep was not troubled with bad dreams, notwithstanding the care on our minds. When I awoke day had scarcely begun to break; numberless stars were still shining from the cloudless sky, and away down in the southeast I could see the lighthouse at Cape May. the wind was very faint, no more than enough to ripple the surface of the water and to set the tall reeds rustling on the bank, so we moved

at a snail's pace, and the sun caught us just creeping into the inlet. He came up radiant, making the white sand hills and the placid water fairly dazzling under his rays--the morning at least was auspicious. We turned into the inlet and crept slowly toward the bar, hanging as near shore as we dared, to escape the strong flood tide. The ocean lay before us and we each stood up to examine the prospect. Our hearts sank, for the bar looked more wicked than ever. The tide was high, and so the waves were much larger than on the day before; looked appalling rushing shoreward with their white curling crests, and we had half a mind to give up the undertaking several times. But we ventured on and on, ready to turn back if the seas began to break near us. We wished from the bottom of our hearts that there was just one boat at least in sight, or some human being who might come to our rescue in case we met

with a mishap, but nowhere was there a sign of life--the pavillion opposite lay as still as a picture.

We took all the precautions we could think of; brought everything of any weight from the bow and fastened a canvas hatch over the cockpit, then sat still and waited. The farther out we went, the

larger became the waves. We could keep our course in the channel by watching when they broke on either side of us. At last we caught sight of the spar buoy and headed for it, determined now to cross the bar or die in the attempt. We kept a sharp lookout for breakers ahead and often great seas started up in front of us, but we rode them all safely and were just ready to congratulate ourselves, when, as we came abreast the buoy, one, larger and steeper than the rest, bore down as if to ride right over us. I gulped something big in my throat and gripped the tiller, our bow climbed up and up till we thought we were going over backward, but in a moment we reached the top and were sinking down the other side. I could see Charlie's muscles relax and felt mine do the same. "Lucky that fellow didn't break," Charlie remarked, and I agreed with him, as I glanced at the back of the hurrying wall of water. That was the last of our dangers; we were over the bar,

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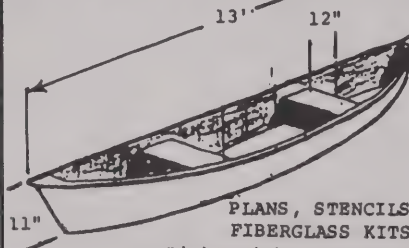
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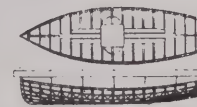
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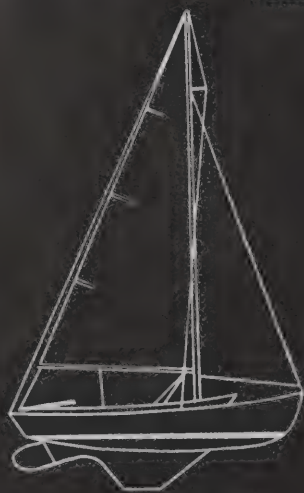
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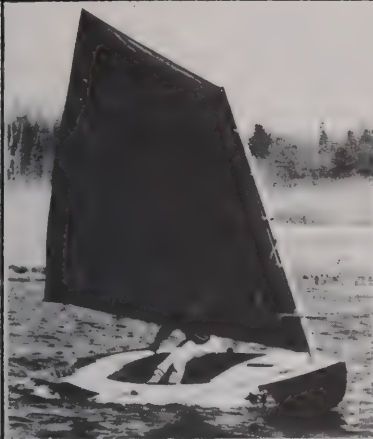


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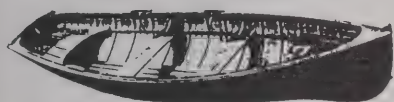
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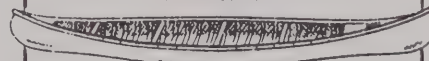
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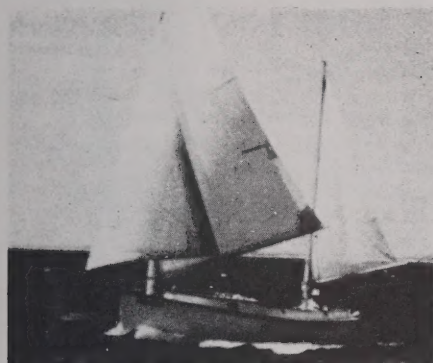
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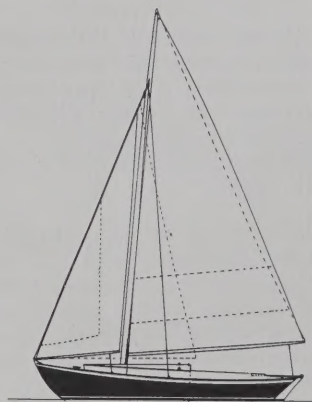
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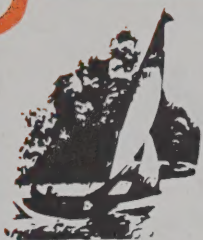
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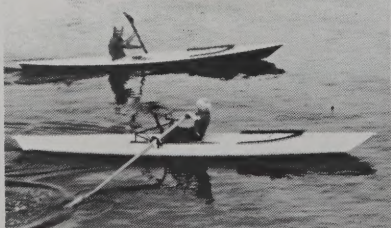
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